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**HYSTERIA ACTION FORUM**  
**PRESENTS**

**LOVE AND ROMANCE**

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Plus **MODERN**  
**ROMANCES**  
 mini.

Hysteria  
 Action  
 Forum #5

by

GABBY GAMBOA  
 (except where  
 otherwise  
 noted) 1994.

write to me at  
 P.O. box 9849  
 Berkeley, CA.  
 94709

*This coupon  
 is good for:  
 one free  
 piece of ple.*



Mother sat in a rocking chair watching Rosalee sleep. Sometime in the  
 night mother fell asleep and Rosalee disappeared. We never saw her again.

Years later, on her deathbed, Mother told me that  
 the detectives had found women's footprints outside  
 Rosalee's window the night of the Gassing.

No one knows what really happened

IF YOU SEE  
 ROSALEE, tell  
 her that her  
 SISTER MISSES  
 HER.

But what does it mean?

END



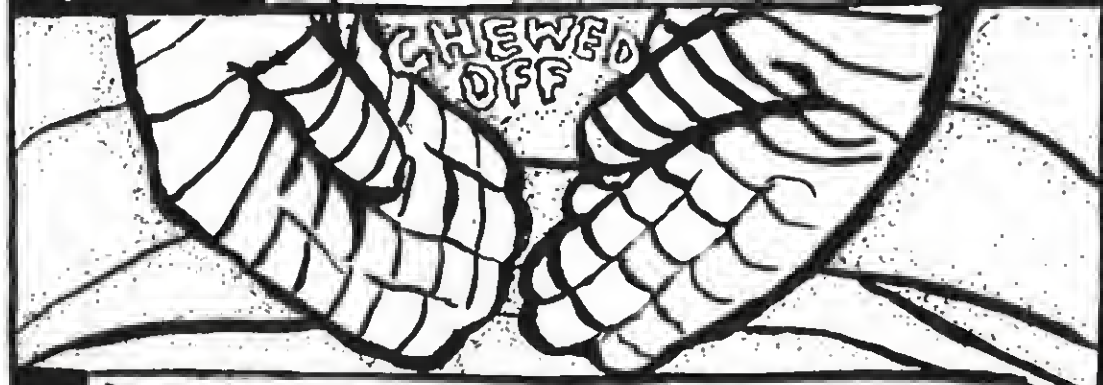
Mother came home the next day accompanied by two detectives from the city. Something was peculiar but NO ONE told Verna and I anything at all.



Rosalee began to act very strangely, locking herself in her room for days at a time. When we did



See her, her fingernails would be chewed to the quick. One day she emerged from her room with the tops of her fingers



Rosalee was silent as mother screamed. Mommy bandaged her hands, gave her some brandy, and put her to bed. The doctor was away delivering a baby at that Kuten farm and couldn't come until morning...



## The Man In Black Our Friend Johnny Cash



I used to be an unlightened soul. Staring at Aprille's tape collection, I chuckled out loud when I came across Johnny Cash (hereafter noted as JC). "Oh yeah, I love JC", she said. "He's coming to town and I want to go see him." "JC is great", Dylan piped in. I was skeptical. All I knew about JC was that bands like Crime and Social Distortion liked him, and that he played at prisons and stuff. "I was given his comic book at church when I was a kid", Anna later told me. "I loved them. Wish I still had them."

Dylan bought a JC tape for us to listen to on the long drive back from Vancouver. After the first listen I thought it was pretty good. By the second listen I was a fan. Fairly recently someone suggested that I read "Man In Black". I finally hunted down the book, and believe me, is it worth the 50 cents I paid for it!

MIB was written in 1975 by a clean and sober Christian JC who spends much of the book discussing his spirituality. You can skip through all that. The real fun is in JC's recounting of his drug and alcohol addiction.

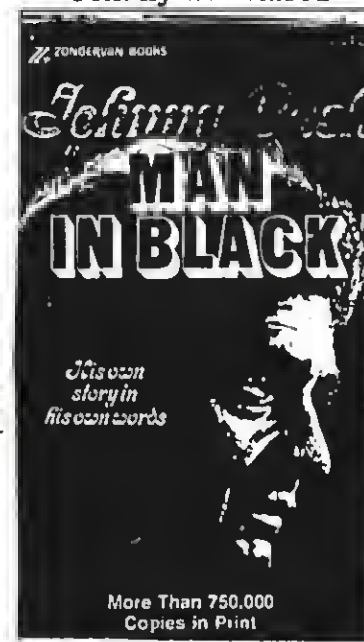
Johnny was raised in Dyess, Arkansas, to laborer / farmer parents of seven children. JC grew up, joined the army, had a few kids and became a door-to-door salesman. Eventually he got a contract with Sun Records, and went out on the road. JC claims that it was on a 1957 tour that he was first introduced to cross-tops:

With all the traveling I had to do, and upon reaching a city tired and weary, those pills could pep me up and make me really feel like doing a show. I got a handful of the little white ones from Gordon.

Those white pills were just one of a variety of a dozen or more shapes and sizes. Truck drivers used them as did people with the problem of being overweight. They called them amphetamines, Dexedrine, Benzedrine, and Dexamyl. They had a whole bunch of nice little names for them to dress them up, and they came in all colors. If you didn't like green, you could get orange. If you didn't like orange, you could get red. And if you really wanted to act like you were going to get weird, you could get black. Those black ones would take you all the way to California and back in a '53 Cadillac with no sleep.

Soon JC was addicted, and it was a simple matter to get more:

Inside that bottle of white pills, which only cost eight or ten dollars for a hundred, came at no extra cost a demon called Deception.



The Man IN Black



I asked for diet pills from a doctor face to face, I knew he'd refuse.

So I'd use my name and say, "Doctor, this is Johnny Cash. I'm in town for a concert tonight. We've been doing a lot of traveling, a lot of night driving. I need something to keep me awake on some of these long trips. If you could give me a prescription for something that would be safe, like five-milligram Dexamy tablets—"

"Certainly, Mr. Cash. How long a tour are you on?"

"Well, I guess it will run for about another six weeks." (I never had a tour over three weeks long in my life.)

And he'd say, "Well, let me see, how many do you think you'll need?"

I'd say, "Better give me fifty, maybe a hundred. I don't know. Do you think it would be all right if I got a hundred, doctor?"

"Certainly, I'll send them right over."

By the next day, I would have taken fifteen to twenty of those pills. So I'd have the same conversation with another doctor. If it didn't work with him, I'd call another one.

Before long, laryngitis constantly plagued him, and his behavior became very irrational. One night he was kicked off the Grand Ole Opry for busting sixty foot-lights in a fit of rage. He then jumped into his car and crashed into a tree, breaking his jaw. At one time JC shared a Nashville apartment with Waylon Jennings, and he describes an evening there when he was hard up for the stuff:

"Smart aleck," I thought. "I bet he's got pills himself." Waylon went to bed and went to sleep. I hadn't found any of my pills, and I had to have some. So I went out to Waylon's car, and sure enough—the glove compartment was locked. "That's where he keeps them," I thought. I got a screwdriver and started prying the door off the compartment. I rammed the screwdriver in the crack and pulled hard. The tough, brittle plastic door shattered into a million pieces, and I looked inside, pulling papers, letters, tapes, everything but pills, out onto the floor.

By 1967 JC had been arrested seven times, mostly for public drunkenness. In 1965 he was arrested for sneaking amphetamines and barbiturates across the border, and finally, in Georgia in 1967 for amphetamine possession. It was after this last arrest that Johnny went more or less "sober". (His thrilling but brief relapse is documented in a chapter titled "The Hounds of Hell")

As everybody knows, JC liked to play prisons, his first being at Huntsville, Texas in 1957. He eventually played 40 or so prison concerts, even playing for Merle Haggard who was a San Quentin inmate at the time. In 1968 at his second concert at Folsom Prison he recorded his infamous "Live from Folsom Prison" album.

The rest of the book is not very interesting, as JC would go on to do a musical on the life of Christ and stuff like that. It's kind of a disappointment to find that such a hero, a man's man, would turn into such a creampuff.

John: If I were a carpenter,  
and you were a lady,

would you marry me,  
anyway, would you  
have my baby?



Johnny, 1974







## PLUGS and stuff

I really hate doing plugs because there are so much great stuff out there. I guess I'll just narrow it down to stuff I've been reading lately.

### RUMP

by Mr. Mike

Rump is a minicomic, a zine; well I don't know what the fuck it is, but it's sheer genius! Lotsa clip art and freakdom, too. You can buy Rump in packs of issues, like #1-5, 6-11, 12-17, 18-23, for a mere \$2.50. I hope this is still the correct address: Mr. Mike  
2400 Stevens Ave. SE.

Mpls, Mn. 55404

### ARNIE

Arnie is a totally brilliant and funny anarchist zine from England with tons of articles and and reviews. And best of all, it's got loads of terrific comics by Simon, who is just totally amazing! address: 16 Palairat Close, Bradford on Avon

Wiltshire

BA15 1US

(\$3.00 PPD.)

Thanks to : Dylan, Scott, Fawn, Anna, Ariel, Landry, Jose, Joel, Carla, Arianna, the Hypo-Chondriacs, K, and everyone else.

This issue is dedicated to the memory of MOOKIE.



Yeah. I know. I used a computer for this, so I'm a loser sell-out. So SUE ME!

### DEEP GIRL #3

What can I say? This comic rules! These angsty auto biographical comics by Ariel Bordeaux are too damn good! Dare you enter her night-mare-ish world of high-school crushes, insane roommates, and self-pity? YES! send \$1.50 to: Ariel  
573 Scott St. Apt. L  
San Fran, CA. 94117



# CROSTIFF

THE PARANOID ANARCHO-  
VEGAN CRUSTY PUNK ROCKER

IN

POSTAL  
PROBLEMS

GG



FLUBBISHERS  
CLEARING HOUSE?...



OH! I SEE! THE  
CIA IS TRYING TO  
TRACK ME DOWN.  
THEY THINK THEY  
CAN SUCKER ME  
INTO SENDING  
BACK THIS ENTRY  
PROVING WHERE  
I LIVE!!!

I'LL SHOW THOSE —



BASTARDS! I'M NOT  
GONNA WAIT FOR THAT  
KNOCK ON MY DOOR!

NED MCMANN, "THE MAN", OH I GET IT. THOSE ZANY FBI... GUYS...



THEY'RE NOT GONNA FOOL ME!



THE WEEK BEFORE GRANDMA LUNA DIED  
MOTHER WENT TO HER BEDSIDE IN  
CLAYTONVILLE, LEAVING US IN ROSALEE'S  
CARE. VERNA AND I HAD A GRANDTIME.

SHE'D TELL US JOKES AND  
BRUSH OUR HAIR. WE'D ALL  
HAVE A LOT OF LAUGHS...

SHE SMASHED THE VICTROLA THE DAY SHE MOVED BACK IN WITH MOTHER  
AND VERNA AND I. ROSALEE TOOK CARE OF US WHEN MOTHER WAS AWAY.



# ROSALEE'S Tale



It WAS JUST AFTER THE GREAT WAR. I THINK IT WAS SPRINGTIME. THIS WAS LONG BEFORE YOUR GREAT AUNT Verna AND I'S OPERATION. OH, I THINK WE WERE ABOUT EIGHT.

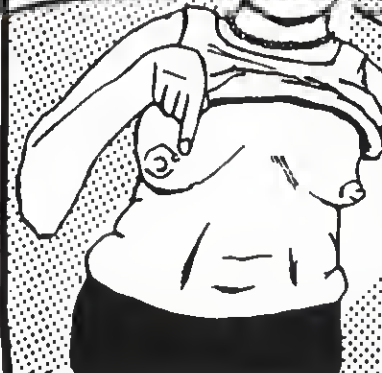
I Swear I'll Kill you Myself, Frank!

YOUR GREAT AUNT ROSALEE HAD JUST LEFT HER SECOND HUSBAND, FRANK.. SHE WAS NINETEEN AT THE TIME.



SHE COULDN'T STAND HIS CONSTANT PLAYING OF THE "HUNGARIAN "SUICIDE" SONG ON THE VICTROLA...

HEY, YOU!!!  
LOOK AT THIS.



SEE THIS BUMP HERE? THAT'S WHERE I'M GROWIN A THIRD NIPPLE !!! AND IT'S COMING IN NICELY, TOO I MIGHT ADD.

THAT'S NOT A THIRD NIPPLE!!!  
THAT'S A PIMPLE!

SEE THE LADY WITH THREE NIPPLES

\$ \$

YES IT IS!  
IT'S GONNA MAKE ME A FORTUNE, TOO!

I'LL TRAVEL THE WORLD!  
I'LL BE FAMOUS YOU'LL SEE.

I MEAN, JUST LOOK AT IT!

OPS!





# COM- E- D O W N

He was much older than Joanna, and really cute and funny and smart.

THUMPA THUMP

They talked about getting out of that crappy town, and he didn't even put a move on her.

Off of acid one morning Frank took Joanna up to the train bridge to watch the sun come up...

EVEN THOUGH she is now a secretary with a kid Joanna still thinks about that PUNK ROCK BOY every NOW and then

